

2/6/76

Dear Phil,

You are grayer in the head than I. But I'll tell you a secret. Were I to grow a beard it would be grayer than yours. I think. I've not had one since impetigo in 1935.

I still wear my hair short, as I have since World War II. Preference. Before then I not only looked like a violinist (of the period) but was customarily greeted by the maitre of a fine Spanish restaurant to which I went often, with politicos and other friends: "Tus-Kah NEE-nee!" Armenian, Spanish restaurant or not, for Toscanin.

We have friend who visited Yucatan two summers ago. They found it great. (We dog-sat for them-here.)

If when you are in Mexico City you decide to go to a library - and don't make a special trip with so much to see in so little time - just ask if they have such a thing as a city directory of if they keep phone books for the city on file. Should you go there - and don't specially - my interest is in the building housing the Banco Internacional on Paseo de la Reforma for the years 1970-3.

Except in rare instances I've reformed on the rest since learning of the phlebitis. I can still function 22 hours a day, even with a series of very rough flights, as I did the middle of last month. But generally I stay abed 7-8 hours now. If I don't sleep continuously I stay abed and doze after waking. I do stay prone, silent and resting.

My doctor hasn't been helpful on the exercise and we are in an area where it can snow and ice up, as today. Otherwise I walk up the mountain at least once a day until literally I stagger. Then I turn around and walk home. With 10° actual and wind-chill sub-zero I do this because I enjoy it and it is good for me. But I've put 15 lbs on even with drastically reduced food intake. Often my legs are afire when I stop. Then I sit with them horizontal and read until they cool a bit or am no longer winded. I enjoy it. But on the anti-coagulant I can't be a wood-cutter now. First time in four years the fuel-oil truck has come more than once a month!

Relaxation is another matter. It has been so long since I've had a vacation! But the work I do has come to mean so much my best feelings are when I can write. No matter how it just erupts, as long as I get something on paper. There is so much of it to do. That nobody else will.

I stay horn-to-horn with the FBI and I'm still here. I've forced three significant early retirements through court actions. Until I can figure out a way to take depositions without being able to hire a court reporter this dodge will work.

Actually, with the past dozen years what they have been, my tense moments are never when I'm working. Only when I have to do what is not productive. I've reorganized my life enough to co-exist with this thing. Like I package books while taking in what for lack of a more accurate description is called "news" on TV. I've gotten to where it is no real sweat to type with my legs horizontal. A Yquen wooden box, with 1 1/2" of foam, just works out. Except that this is not enough foam for the heels.

I've paid no attention to it but I understand Thornley has some kind of involvement in what Dell has published called something like Illuminatus, based on his earlier Illuminati Eye, as best I can recall. People tell me it is sick. If my recollection is correct he then called himself Homer Ravenhorst (approx.).

As long as you are gray in the head and not in the mind, don't mention it!

Glad to hear. Have a great time. Best,